

2011

# Quick Xlthlx Fish

Andrew Brehm

*Virginia Commonwealth University*

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**Quick Xlthlx Fish**

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of  
Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

By:

Andrew Brehm

Bachelor of Fine Arts, Kutztown University of Pennsylvania, 2006

Director:

Amy Hautt

Chair: Sculpture + Extended Media Department, Virginia Commonwealth University

Virginia Commonwealth University

Richmond, VA

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## ABSTRACT

### ***Quick Xlthlx Fish***

By Andrew Brehm, MFA

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

Virginia Commonwealth University, 2011.

Director: Amy Hauft

Chair: The Department of Sculpture + Extended Media

A sequence of short stories both fact and fiction leading to, resulting from, or having nothing to do with the three sculptures that comprise *The Crescent Club*, an installation for the Anderson Gallery.



## **Summit of Potential**

The astonishing part was not that Kevin and Abbey stayed together all these years since high school. It's that these two impeccably attractive people never became disinterested in one another, not even for a moment. But then why would they? After all, they each are exquisite in their own gender-specific ways, round in all the right spots and appropriately square in the rest. They attained wealth, great educations and created a child; and that child was good.

Kebby was raised on a diet of whole grain fruit, whole grain soup and whole grain beef. He learned golf early, was a talented gymnast and played forward position in a well-regarded traveling soccer league. He wanted to be a writer, so took his schoolwork seriously. His parents enrolled him in after-school literature and creative writing classes. He read at an incredible pace and soon had completed many of the classics as well as those of renaissance literature. When he was a teenager, Kebby was offered an internship at the National Poetry Archive where he became the leading scholar on the early American poetry of Iowa. Kebby was invited to study at Yale under a special scholarship due to the great recommendations he received from powerful figures in Iowa who spoke of Kebby's "potential as America's next great novelist." In school, his grades soared and his brain actually grew 12% larger causing him occasional migraines. Following college, he won a Fulbright scholarship to study under the great Japanese essayist, Gorbo, at his mountaintop compound in the northern Shikoku region. Working as Gorbo's personal assistant, Kebby learned a great deal about the daily lifestyle of a writer. His time on the mountaintop calmed Kebby's soul; he found peace, confidence and true inspiration. He was a little older now, almost fourteen, and his brain had grown larger still. As a result, he spent most of his time reclined so as to offer his neck and upper back a break from the enormous weight of his head. Luckily, this position happened to be ideal for reading. With parchment and quill in hand, Kebby began what was destined to become the century's most impressive piece of American writing. His first sentence was well composed, a jarring and surprising start that would stand out in contrast to the larger work:

*Tipple dribbled little lines to match the cabbage of a thousand years.*

He went on to write:

*Our fathers often see sea, while our mothers take the task of candle mending a little more seriously? True, but our fingers are potatoes on a flame for the unequivocal verm of a day worth living.*

Kebby smiled at his prose, he had done well indeed, but to continue writing he felt a compulsion to see the sunset. The next line he would write would embody the way a setting sun leaves you so lonely after slipping under its horizon. He used his one good arm to pry his heavy head off of its pillow and then cradled it like a baby against his chest. Sliding the paper door to the side with his one good foot, he stepped out into the graveled courtyard and made his way to the edge of the mountaintop. Looking at the sun setting, he was moved by a potent wave of inspiration: he realized his next line! And then he died.

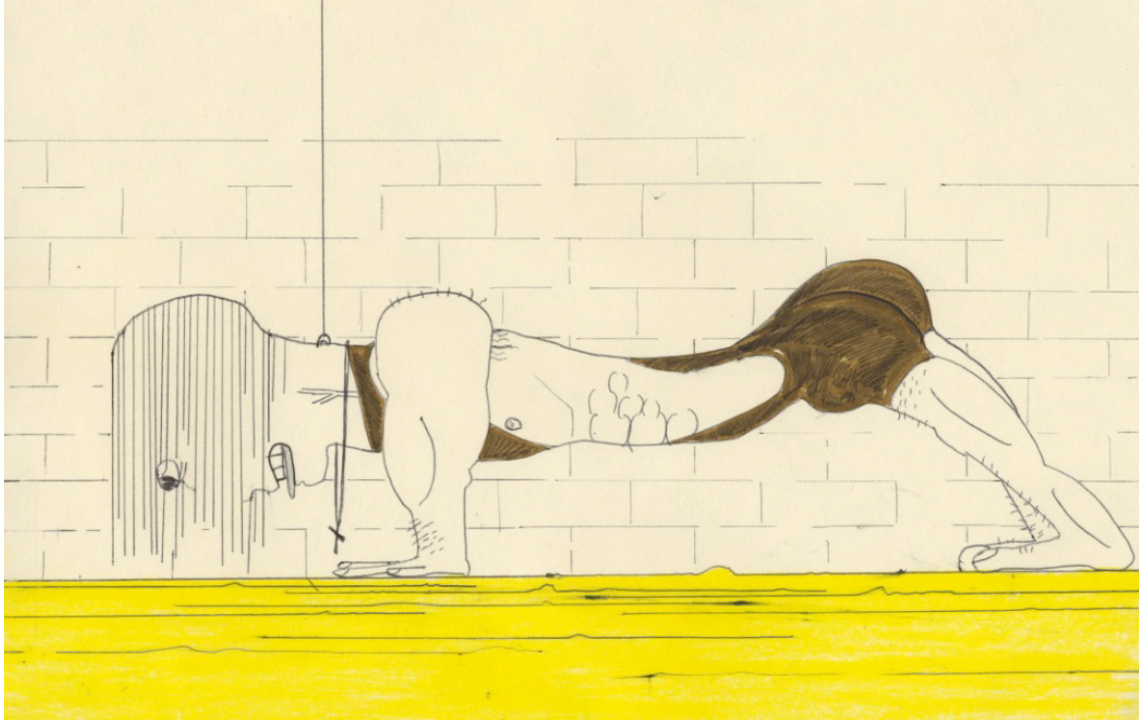
His body crumpled to the ground and lurched forward. He began tumbling down the face of the mountain, slowly at first and then picking up speed. Kebby's arms and legs where eventually splayed open on the jagged rocks, and from these wounds spilled five hundred and seventy pounds of dry, golden whole grains, dissipating in narrow plumes behind him like the exhaust streaks of a jet airplane. Further down a thorn branch gouged out one of his eyeballs as his corpse slid past (at this point in the descent, he was sliding). Attached to the eyeball was a fibrous strand of miniaturized wet photos that recalled all of his tropical vacations, all of the movies he had ever watched, all of the important artworks he had ever seen, and all the faces of the fifteen thousand people he had ever noticed (until that thorn). As he free fell (now free falling) air rushed through his severed throat, vibrating his vocal chords and flapping his cheeks wildly. The rushing air made a humming, indecipherable at first like the quack of a clarinet, but as he fell faster it became clear that his neck was whistling words of encouragement, one after the next.

“YOOOOOOu’re going P PPPPlacessssss” “your futttttture loooooooooooks bright”  
“Some day you you’ll amount tooooooo soooooomethhhh”. The last chant was interrupted by a “smack” slap” and “dopp,” each sound happening at the same moment. These were the sounds of his fall ending as he hit the bottom of the valley, and, for a moment, nothing.

Then a dry “creeeeeeeeeeeeklllllle” sound announced a slowly moving web of fracture as it made its way across his skull. Up from the crack bubbled twenty gallons of strawberry jam. Over the next 48 hours, one million ants, spiders, and grasshoppers lapped up the jam. After processing the caloric energy from that jam, each bug went on to do quite remarkable things with their lives.

## THE VISITOR

*A visiting artist came and started his talk by singing a soulful song a cappella. It was surprisingly good singing and we were all impressed. When he finished, everyone in the room took a collective gulp, because we were all artists who would either give or might one day give artist talks, and everyone was thinking, "Damn, does this mean I have to sing during my next artist talk?" Each of us feared a new standard had been set.*



*Pushup 2010*

## **TREE**

I know of a single tree with three separate trunks, each trunk splitting from the main trunk just above ground level. It looks like human legs growing out of the dirt. It may look that way because of the three perfectly formed crotches in between each of the trunks. The spacing and relative thickness of each trunk reminds me of legs, and in particular, the legs of a sculpture I made.

The sculpture was of a giant man doing a pushup, and was engineered to break down into several large pieces in order to be moved more easily. I've discarded parts of the sculpture but I still have the legs, and they are stored outside, upside-down, feet in the air, near the tree I've just described. Whenever I see them, I think that it might be great to put shoes on that tree or maybe put a third leg on that sculpture.

This sort of thinking, it is what I do all the time. I believe that is how humor operates too: having the freedom to group and associate, often to attribute and misattribute the qualities of one thing to another. It is a form of perversion. It is an act of perverting.



*The Crescent Club, 2011*

## Florida: The Crescent Club

If we could parse up the state of Florida into 12' by 12' chunks, and with a backhoe, load those soil blocks, and whatever was standing on top of the soil, onto a few thousand flatbed trucks, we could caravan north up through Canada and it would be highly lucrative, for there is not a dull moment in the Florida landscape. And, it's a state that has grown comfortable with it's own exploitation.

It could be that the only difference between myself and most tourists is my training in information, identification, collection, perversion and presentation, in that order.

I like to take trips to Florida with my girlfriend who grew up there. These trips have given me the content of my recent show titled *The Crescent Club*, named after an old dive bar on Siesta Key. The Crescent Club itself is across from a slim beach access through some high-rises and is filled with leather-skinned regulars who, in a bold act of redundancy, wear leather. I get an endorphin-laced flutter from the hostility that greets me when I enter the front door. John D. MacDonald, a detective novelist describes the interior of the Crescent Club in his short story, "*Condominium*:"

Inside the ceiling was hung with nets, with glass and cork floats. Harpoons were chained to the walls. The low-power wall sconces held orange bulbs with orange shades. Overhead prisms shone puddles of white light down on the black Formica bar. The front edge of the bar and the barstools were upholstered in red Naugahyde, spotted with cigarette burns and old stains.<sup>1</sup>

As an identifier, collector, manipulator and presenter of information, I started to work on this place without its consent. I notice the parts of the club that make me squirm excitedly. I document those parts and pervert them into something else or leave them the same. Then, I strategize possible ways of making/fabricating and then figure out how to release the thing that I've produced, letting it drunkenly crawl out of my studio and into the world. And finally, as a result of my non-consensual art project, the Crescent Club and myself have undeniably intertwined, in the sense that we now share something that

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<sup>1</sup> MacDonald, John D. *Condominium*. New York: Fawcett Books, 1978. 109.

previously was not there. I carried the Crescent Club around inside of me for almost a year before I did anything about it. And now we have had a baby together (an artwork) and although we are awkward towards one another, we are responsible for this baby (this artwork) because within it is a little of each of us.



**Crescent Club: *The Florida Arm***



*The Florida Arm, 2011*

My sculpture was taken from a life-cast of a real Floridian whom I know as Uncle Quickie. His disembodied arm is sculpted in plaster and finished to an automotive sheen, as if it were ripped off a giant alcoholic “Ken” doll. A thick gold chain snakes through his canopy of arm hair, rarely does the cool metal touch his actual skin. He holds a cigarette or sweating tumbler in-hand. Or, it could be that he wants a drink but it has not yet arrived. But his fingers are getting ready to hold onto it, or maybe they are stuck in that formation.

Quickie’s plaster life cast is literally embedded inside the slightly thicker monument to his arm. The sculpture becomes a reliquary: a representational shell for preserving the

real thing inside. Uncle Quickie made his pile through real estate sales in the 80's and 90's; he perpetuates Florida's long-standing tradition of questionable real estate practices. He drives a classic Corvette with personalized license plates, lives in a sprawling home with a stripper pole in the foyer, and owns a collection of over 100 gas engine model airplanes. Quickie's *Arm* rests on a cypress bar top, cypress being an Everglades swamp wood, and both are coated in shiny epoxy.

## **RELIABLE LAWS OF PHICTION**

**I had a young biology teacher in high school whom was asked to teach a few physics classes because the physics department was being downsized and they didn't have enough physics teachers. So this guy begrudgingly accepted, and went ahead and taught the class. To everyone's surprise, he really liked the course, and started getting into teaching it. He was famous for coming up with great demonstrations to help students understand the principles of the material. I remember his best demonstration was this one on gravity. He had figured out the exact amount of gravitational force that was keeping a guy of his size held down to the earth. It was something like 200 pounds of gravity. Then he, being pretty athletic, bent over and grabbed his ankles with his hands and pulled upwards. He pulled hard, he strained and he sweated. His face turned red and then plum. When he pulled up on his ankles with just over 200 pounds of force, he sort of lifted off the ground and floated there, grunting for about 20 or 30 seconds in midair. We were all stunned, but most importantly, I think we all learned a lesson about physics that day.**

## Crescent Club: *Xlthlx*



*Xlthlx*, 2011

In Italo Calvino's short story, people of the Earth climb to the moon. One character, *Xlthlx*, is too light for the Earth's gravitational force to bring her home so she flies "among the medusas, suspended over the sea."<sup>2</sup> Soon she realizes if she eats the marine life that is within reach, she will gain the necessary weight to fall downward into the sea below:

We rowed quickly, to pull her out and save her: her body had remained magnetized, and we had to work hard to scrape off all the things encrusted on her. Tender corals were wound about her head, and every time we ran the comb through her hair there was a shower of crayfish and sardines; her eyes were sealed shut by limpets clinging to the lids with their suckers; squids' tentacles were coiled around her arms and her neck; and her little dress now seemed woven only of weeds and sponges. We got the worst of it off her, but for weeks afterwards she went on pulling out fins and shells, and her skin, dotted with little diatoms, remained affected forever, looking — to someone who didn't observe her carefully — as if it were faintly dusted with freckles.<sup>3</sup>

The Crescent Club is across from the beach. My sculpture of *Xlthlx* shows her climbing out of the water covered in crustaceans. A tentacle holds her left leg and arm and wraps around her neck; she resembles a kind of tropical *Laocoön*. *Xlthlx* struggles against the

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<sup>2</sup> Calvino, Italo. *Cosmicomics*. Orlando: Mariner Books, 1968. 7.

<sup>3</sup> *ibid*, 8.

tentacle but is ultimately consumed by the sea before she can reach the shore. She will soon become a coral fixture on the sea floor, possibly a site of interest to a group of amateur scuba divers.

*Xlthlx*'s skin is encrusted by carnivorous mollusks and by shell craft. What hasn't devoured her as a predator has consumed her as a hobby. Her legs and arms resemble the crafting method of many a glue gun-wielding grandmother—shell assemblage—and with her next step forward, *Xlthlx* becomes a sacrifice to the decorative arts.

I learned the technique of shell collage from two life-long shell enthusiasts Dewey and Mary Parr, owners of The Old Grey House in North Carolina's Outer Banks. Their shop is dedicated completely to shell collection and craft. Dewey helped me choose the shells that are affixed to my sculpture: a combination of basic and exotic items that come from near and far.

*Xthlthx* is rendered in shiny plaster similar to Uncle Quickie so it is clear that they are of the same species. *Xthlthx* has become, however, partially oceanic. Quickie seems to watch her struggle from the confines of the Crescent Club, apparently uninterested in assisting the falling tourist.



Titian's parody of the Laocoön  
([www.mlahanas.de/Greeks/Arts/Laocoon2](http://www.mlahanas.de/Greeks/Arts/Laocoon2))



Photo courtesy Dewey Parr, seashell collector, Cape Hatteras, NC

### **Crescent Club: *The Fish***

One year ago I was looking to purchase a small mounted fish for a TV skit I was developing at the time. Every fish I found was far too costly, many more than a thousand dollars. I was inclined to fabricate it but then noticed a post for an attractive sailfish just over 9 feet long. When I asked the price, I was told it was a non-negotiable 35 dollars.

I drove to the seller's house with my brother, who lives in Tampa. It was far too big for my TV show but I quickly came up with other reasons to own such a thing. The seller was Jan Pedecone and he was nervous his catch would turn to dust once we attempted to remove it from his wall, so we were asked to pay first, before touching it. So we did, and the fish held together. Jan went on to sell my brother a classic Hershey's Chocolate tin sign he had hanging in his lanai and gave me a bonus fishing slogan plaque that he kept hanging just beneath the mount. I then asked to purchase all three of the framed black and white photos of Jan and his wife catching the fish that also hung on the wall. Jan shrugged and said that was fine for another ten dollars.



*Photo courtesy of Jan L. Pedecone, 1976*



In March of 1976 Jan, his wife and Jan's brother took a trip to Acapulco, Mexico where they chartered a fishing boat called the Queen Barracuda. Jan describes the trip in his autobiography ("I've Seen Enough," 2010) as one of the high points in a life of financial strife and health concerns. The trip to Acapulco was all-expenses paid by his wife's employer; the two of them would return a second time to stay in the same time-share.

Why did he sell this to me? Why did I buy it? This is the very first time I have worked with an object that contained more power when I started with it than when I finished. I couldn't bring myself to cut it, or disgrace it in anyway, as would be customary in my practice. So I repaired it and painted it white. It hangs respectfully in the background of my exhibition, an added eyelid masks a flaw in its large blue glass eyeball.

## **Notes From a Hungry Teenager**



## **Carnations**

I wish there were another art form, or maybe it wouldn't fall under art, maybe sports. Either way, I wish for a new category where artists or maybe athletes can operate creatively. In this new zone, the "new" is the role of the viewer/audience. Theirs is not a passive role and not a defined role either, but an active and ever changing responsibility to the material presented.

An example of this model might be the haunted house. The haunted house is a place where the visitor is responsible for moving himself through a series of spooky traps and theatrical events. Visitors laugh and scream and walk forward at a pace appropriate to the speed in which information is being delivered, but ultimately they move at their own pace. Most importantly, the visitor to the haunted house knows what they are getting themselves into, although the specifics remain unknown (aliens, ghosts, vampires, mutants). They submit themselves to the unknown, and therefore they are participants and not simply viewers. I want more of this.

For instance, I want a restaurant where they tell you where you will sit, what you will drink and what meat you will eat (regardless of your dietary restrictions), not because that restaurant is bossy but because they are privy to specific information about what's tasty that night. And because they know and you don't, they are in a position to be able to tell you how to ensure your best possible experience. They will say this not simply from a position of authority but from a place of expertise.

But we are control freaks, ready to run for the door if a situation becomes out of the ordinary or worse, out of our control. In much of the art world the unspoken rules of showing in a gallery are that the work must never jostle a viewer enough to make red wine splash over the rim of her thin plastic tumbler. At openings (especially ones with performance art) we hold our tumblers in front of our chests, with slightly extended arms to provide a wine shield as our first line of defense, “if you try to touch me, one of our expensive pairs of pants will be ruined, you wouldn’t want that, would you?” A performer would have to be a fool to engage with this viewer. I want viewers to show up at galleries in track pants and tight fitting dry-fit tops, athletic shoes, goggles, and a pocket full of wet wipes.

I hadn’t recognized what I wanted from my audience until after a performance I recently presented. The project was loosely based on a (previously) deeply unconscious urge to spank an unsuspecting volunteer with a dozen carnations. I did and it was satisfying for everyone involved. I believe the motivations behind this urge were just and appropriate.

A landscape painter might intend to visually transplant a viewer to a place far beyond their daily landscape of skyscrapers and taxi cabs to one of rolling mountains and rain flooded brooks. Similarly, a filmmaker might, in two hours, be responsible for placing an audience member into the action packed life of a super hero. But how does a performance artist embed an unwilling viewer into the fabric of performance? Perhaps it is time to nurture a new field of participatory art viewing where we momentarily suspend our comfort for the chance to sample an experience of the truly unexpected, and all the while drinking wine from sippy cups.

## **Life Around the House**

It had been a little while since I had last seen her, probably a year and a half. I was greeted with an enormous hug as is customary in my family. I noticed the children were not home and it turned out we were afforded a few peaceful hours with which to catch up until my niece and nephew would join us. They themselves were busy at a neighbor's fourth birthday party and we would go to retrieve them shortly. The house looked great but I was unsettled by the sweet smell of children's foodstuffs permeating the main rooms. This is the result of several years of Cheerios crumbs and juice box sap meticulously massaged into the carpets and upholstery fabric of the playrooms (which was every room). We talked a while on the porch then snacked on a cold vegan pizza she had prepared anticipating my arrival to have been earlier. This, and then a beer before setting off to collect the children.

One of the nice features of my sister's neighborhood is a large swath of common land that conjoined everyone's backyards. Apparently this bolsters community and actually becomes a place for spontaneous soccer games and neighborhood picnics. Often children meet up in this DMZ to play together and although they can be relatively far from their houses, parents can easily observe the distant activities by way of the treeless line of site from any back facing window of their homes.

The weather had been perfect earlier in the afternoon but sometime between then and now a dark sheet of storm clouds eclipsed the sun. We made it half way across the field when we noticed a wet looking wall of rain quickly closing in on us. My sister started towards the rain indicating that she felt the children's party was actually closer to us than her own home. I doubtfully stopped following her and looked back to the house gauging the distance and time it would take to race back to its sliding door, but both seemed like a wet options. As the first tomato-sized drops began to thud, she made a surprising nonverbal decision to move neither towards the kid's party nor back to her house but instead ducked through the front door of a tiny kid's playhouse marooned not far from where we had been standing. She closed its miniature door behind her in a way that said

“find your own spot,” but I managed to fold myself across the threshold and under its roof, half expecting I would have to leave my legs outside due to lack of space. But we fit.

The drum rolls on the plastic roof made talking seem silly, so we didn't. She had backed herself into the corner and slightly lifted herself off the ground by perching her butt on the front edge of a chunky plastic chair, her head bent forward because of the low roof against which she was pressed. I lay in the dirt looking out through the shutters at a monsoon that was falling louder then it was falling hard. Although the tiny front door was closed, a mud puddle was sneaking in forming a quickly advancing stream, threatening to wet her feet and my bottom. I began using a baseball mitt to shoo the tide away, mouthing the word “shoo” as I did it. I then switched to a small hand shovel to carve a network of trenches so as to divert the tides away from us entirely. Engineering this channel pleased me greatly.

My sister had now made herself quite comfortable sitting on the same chair now turned sideways which offered a lower but broader sitting plane, her heels resting in the bed of a large toy truck. On her lap was a pile of children's books and she was eagerly plowing through one as I watched her. I noticed she was vigorously chewing on something although I couldn't imagine what. During this moment of looking I had neglected my responsibilities for flood management and the stream rose above my canal walls and flooded my seating area. I was forced to surrender that plot of land and retreat several feet backwards to higher ground. I picked up the shovel and broke ground on a nice gravel-less patch of grass that would be my first line of defense against advancing waters. I easily scored the earth with what was an effective spade-like tool producing a more clever system of retention walls based on what I had learned from my previous system. Parallel grooves drained the soil while I compacted the excavated dirt with a ramming device to form several terraced banks each plateau several feet taller than the previous. I sat atop the highest embankment surveying any potential zones of weakness that might need fortifying. I was afraid that an especially harsh rainy season might overwhelm my irrigation systems, submerging my lower walls and prompting landslides on the northern

cliffs. My sister had now rearranged her entire seating area into a much more sprawling and lavish configuration. A large banquet table was assembled from the two main toy chests, 12 identical plastic side turned chairs flanked the table. In the center was a beautifully arranged bouquet picked from the flower boxes attached to each windowsill. The place settings included forks, knives and spoons that were neatly positioned each on the appropriate sides of the china. Pewter mugs held what appeared to be milk and she was in the process of neatly placing the fluted champagne glasses in the upper right corner of each mat. Anticipating a feast I took off my dirty gloves and boots near the baths and wandered into the kitchen to confirm what my nose had already promised to be true. A turkey was roasting and the potatoes were already in a dish ready for serving. The corn looked like it still needed a few minutes on the burner as their husks had not yet begun to char.

## WORKS CITED

Calvino, Italo. *Cosmicomics*. Orlando: Mariner Books, 1968. Print.

MacDonald, John D. *Condominium*. New York: Fawcett Books, 1978. Print.

## Andrew Brehm

### EDUCATION

- MFA Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, Sculpture, 2011
- BFA Kutztown University of Pennsylvania, Crafts: Furniture, 2006.
- Buckinghamshire Chilterns University College, Buckinghamshire, England, exchange study in Furniture Design and Production, Spring 2005.

### AWARDS

- 2011 Joan Mitchell nomination  
VCU Graduate Teaching Assistantship
- 2010 Virginia Commonwealth University Travel Grant (spring)  
VCU Graduate Teaching Assistantship
- 2009 Virginia Commonwealth University Travel Grant (fall)  
VCU Graduate Teaching Assistantship
- 2008 Totally Terrific Tree houses grant recipient, Tyler Arboretum, Philadelphia, PA. Gaining  
“Most Creative Use of Materials” award
- 2007 Kensington Community Development Corporation (NKCDC) Grant Recipient for “Art  
Racks” functional/sculptural bike racks in Northern Philadelphia, PA
- 2005 Carlton Chamblis University Wide Academic Achievement Award, Kutztown University,  
Kutztown, PA

### SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

- 2011 “Our Cult’s Classic” Pierogi Boiler, Brooklyn, NY  
“Crescent Club” Thesis MFA Exhibition, Richmond VA  
“CampCamp” Transmodern Festival, Baltimore MD  
“For Your Health” Sponge Space, Richmond VA  
“The Wrong Miracle” Gallery NoMinimo, Guayaquil, Ecuador
- 2010 “Inabasement” Brooklyn, NY  
“Coming Soon” Reference Gallery, Richmond VA  
“Holes” Richmond, Va  
“Six” Try Me Gallery, Richmond, VA  
“Baltidelphia” My House Gallery, Philadelphia, PA
- 2009 “Bright Path” Little Berlin, Philadelphia, PA  
“Summer Shorts” Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Morris Gallery Philadelphia, PA  
“Offerings” Little Berlin, Philadelphia, PA  
Washington Art Association collaborative show, Washington Depot, CT  
“Landman and the Thunderbird” a solo film screening, Fleisher Ollman Gallery, Philadelphia,  
PA
- 2008 “Natural Selections” self curated group show of Philadelphia artists, Eckhaus Gallery,

- Kutztown, PA  
 “A Beautiful Find” a found objects exhibition, James Oliver Gallery, Philadelphia, PA  
 Cheryl Hochberg and Andrew Brehm: Collaborations”, David E. Strawn Gallery, Jacksonville  
 Art Association, Jacksonville, IL  
 “Art Glut” My House Gallery, South Philadelphia, PA
- 2007      Fleisher Ollman Gallery, Annual Invitational of Philadelphia Artists  
 Haus Werk, Paoli, PA  
 “Walking and Thinking/ Thinking and Walking”, an installation by Cheryl Agulnick  
 Hochberg and Andrew Brehm, Community Room Gallery, The Swain School, Allentown PA
- 2006      “Functional Art Show”, EckHaus Gallery, Kutztown, PA  
 Some Serious Business: Northampton Community College Southside Center, Bethlehem, PA  
 (collaborative work with Cheryl Hochberg)  
 Kutztown University Senior Show
- 2005      Buckinghamshire Chilterns University College, “Graduation Show”,  
 Buckinghamshire, England.  
 “I Can Live With That: Unique Functional Furniture”, Sheridan Gallery, Kutztown  
 University, Kutztown, PA
- 2004      “Holiday Overkill” Eye Candy Studio, Kutztown, PA  
 “Student Show” Eye Candy Studio, Kutztown, PA  
 “Group Show” Peter’s Valley Craft Center Gallery and Store, Augusta, NJ  
 “Art Club Lobby Show” Kutztown University, Kutztown, PA

#### PUBLIC LECTURES

- 2010      Artist Presentation, Blanton Museum, Austin TX  
 2008      Artist talks to graduating seniors, business of art, Kutztown University, PA  
 2007      Philadelphia Open Studio Tour (P.O.S.T.)  
 2006      Artist lecture (with Cheryl Hochberg), The Swain School, Allentown, PA